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Moderation Display'd:

A

POEM.

——Neq; tempore in ullo
Esse quod humanæ naturæ, & corpore bino
Ex alterutro sumptis compacta potissat.

Lucret. lib. 5.

By the Author of Faction Display'd.

LONDON: Printed in the Year 1704.

A

PREFACE.

AT a Time when we are Celebrating the Successes of our Arms Abroad, and the Wisdom of our Councils at Home, when there seems to be no room left for Complaints, and the Nation is only prepared to receive Panegyrick, I am sensible a Piece of this kind will be severely Censur'd. For those, that are taken up with the present appearances of Things, who are by much the greatest part of the World, will be apt to say it is Unseasonable at least, if not False and Malicious. But, I hope, others who are not content with such superficial Views, (and to such only I would write) will see the Reason and Truth of what I have said, and own that it could not be more Seasonably Uttered than at this very Juncture, when we are lull'd with too much Security, and by that means may give Opportunity to a New Sett of Men to Ruine both Church and State with their New Politicks. But if this Poem came out with all the Advantages imaginable, I am not yet grown so Fantastick an Author, as to think because the First Part met with a favourable Reception, that I am now therefore Priviledg'd to Dictate to the Reader's Judgment, and to ascribe to my own Merit what was only owing to his Candour, or perhaps Partiality. Be that the Success of Drydering Parts, I have no Ambition of gaining the Reputation of one. 'Tis the last Thing I should desire.

My Aim is of another sort, and I am abundantly Rewarded, if I have been able to Contribute any thing to the Publick Service, by Detecting the Principles and Practices of this New Party, who have Assum'd to themselves a very Specious Name and Character, and would be thought the only Patriots of their Country. But False Friends are the most Dangerous Enemies, and they are yet much more so, when they are Invested with Power, and the Administration of Affairs wholly put into their Hands.

'Tis to be wish'd there were no Occasion for Invectives of this kind, that Great Men did always Execute their Trusts, and perform their Duty, and were only the Objects of our Esteem and Admiration. But when the Case is quite otherwise, when they become Treacherous and Betray the Authority Delegated to them; 'tis fit they shou'd hear of their Faults, and the People be undeceiv'd, who are grosly imposed upon by the servile Flatteries of Hireling Scribblers. A Generation of Animals, that always Infest the Doors of Men in Power; and tho' one wou'd think their Trash could never pass upon the Moderate, the Grave, and the Wise, yet they are sometimes thought worthy of Pensions, and Places of 1200 l. a Year.

It is indeed the just Prerogative of the Throne to be approach'd with Humility and Petition, even where the Subjects have Grievances to Represent. But I know of no such Homage due to its Officers. Nor can I yet be convinced, that it is an Arrogant Presumption in private Persons (as some wou'd have it) to examine and censure the Actions of Publick Ministers, who (say they) being near the Helm, are consequently best able to judge of what ought, and ought not to be done; whereas Men in a Remote Cabent, and at a distance, cannot possibly enter into the Councils of State, and must therefore determine rashly, and without knowledge. This is a Doctrine necessary to be preach'd up in Despotick and Arbitrary Governments, where all is Transacted in the Cabinet, where the Will and Choice of the Prince gives a Sanction to his Creatures, and cannot be controverted with-

without Treason. But in a mixt and limited Monarchy, where the deepest Resorts of Policy and Turns of Government are in some measure known to Men of Rank and Condition, and where a right of Impeachment is lodged in the House of Commons, it can never be maintained; for that it would destroy the Constitution, and render the Accusation of Great Officers, tho' never so guilty, impracticable. But I would not here be suppos'd to countenance that Scandalous Principle of Appealing to the Mob. I leave such Maxims to the Relations and Friends of a certain Lawyer, who at the Observator's Tryal had the Impudence (as the Attorney General very justly called it) to insinuate, that the Crown was in the Disposal of the People. Nor would I be thought in the least to detract from the Prerogative, which no Man living has in higher Veneration than my self. For I think it never violated but by a profligate abandon'd Nation, and I wish, for the Honour of the English Name, our Annals had Recorded no Instances of that kind.

But after all this New-Moderation-Policy is not more pernicious and tending to the Destruction of the Government, than it is Absurd and Ridiculous in it self. For how can Men of common Understanding pretend to look Two Ways at once, to blow Hot and Cold, and fancy that every Body does not see thro' the pitiful Disguise and Artifice? They call themselves True Sons of the Church, and yet make no scruple of opposing a Bill, which is absolutely necessary for its Preservation; because forsooth it is offered at an unseasonable time; as if it was not as seasonable to make wholesom Laws, as to engage in a Just and Honourable War for the Security of our Constitution; Can they hope for a better Opportunity than the Reign we now enjoy? They would be thought great Favourers of the Church Party, when upon all Occasions they take care to Discountenance them, and Encourage only the Profest Enemies of Church and State, under a shallow Pretence, that they are a numerous and formidable Body of Men, and ought to be Preferr'd to Places of Honour and Profit, that they may not grow Mutinous and complain of Persecution; which methinks should rather be a strong Argument for using all possible Means to suppress such Turbulent Aspiring Spirits. Nay, so Tender are they of their Dissenting Brethren, that I am told it has lately been deliver'd as Law by a Great Man in W———r-Hall, that a Notorious Perjur'd Vagabond, with Two Wives at once, being possess'd of a Separate Congregation, tho' without any Licence, or Legal Qualification to Preach to them, shall for that Reason only be Exempt from the late Act for Whipping Vagrants. I must confess I cannot tell how they would define it, or what Moderation according to these Practices is. The Logicians have fixed no Medium that I know of, between Truth and Falshood, nor the Moralists any between Vertue and Vice: Every Proposition and Principle must necessarily fall under one of these Heads.

There is no need of a Prophetick Spirit to foresee, That they will render themselves Odious, and cannot Subsist long. I heartily Pity some young Gentlemen, who are unwarily drawn in; for they will find themselves Deceiv'd by their Crafty Leader, and cannot expect to be receiv'd by their old Friends again. 'Tis much to be Lamented that a late Great Character Stain'd the latter part of his Life——— but De Mortuis nil nisi bonum.

I hope some Paragraphs in the close of this Poem will at least prove, that I have not writ with Partiality, but have equally commended Merit wherever I found it, without any regard to a Party.

Modera-

Moderation

DISPLAY'D.

AGain, my Muſe — Nor fear the ſleepy Flight,
Purſue the Fury thro' the Realms of Night;
Explore the Depth of Hell, the ſecret Cauſe,
Whence the New Scheme of *Moderation* roſe.

Now *Faction* re-aſſum'd her Native Throne,
Which proſtrate Fiends with awful Homage own.
A Crown of Eating Flame her Temples bound,
Darting a Blew Malignant Radiance round.
An Iron Scepter in her Hand ſhe bore,
Emblem of Vengeance and Deſtructive Pow'r.
A bloody Canopy hung o're her Head,
Where the *Four* falling *Empires* are pourtray'd.

Monarchs Depos'd beneath her foot-ſtool lie,
And all around is Hell and Anarchy.
Whilſt thus ſhe tow'ring ſat, the Subject Train
With Shouts proclaim'd the Triumphs of her Reign.
Then they the Chaos ſung, and Nature's Jars,
How the firſt Atoms urg'd their *Medley* Wars,
How Civil Diſcord and Inteſtine Rage
Have boil'd in ev'ry Nation, ev'ry Age.
They ſung Divided *Albion*'s hapleſs State,
Her Claſhing Senate's Feuds, her lab'ring Church's Fate:
And, as her coming Ruine they expreſt,
A ſullen Rapture ſwell'd in ev'ry Breaſt.
For ſuch the Bent of their Diſtorted Will,
Only to know Delight in Thoughts of ill.
But on a ſudden, Lo! deſcending flew,
A Meagre Ghoſt, which ſoon the Fury knew,
Cethego newly Dead, her Darling Pride,
Whoſe Firm Unwav'ring Faith ſhe long had try'd,
Long in her Secret Councels had retain'd,
By which her Empire o're our Iſle ſhe gain'd.

No ſooner was arriv'd the Welcome Gueſt,
But him in ſoothing Terms, ſhe thus addreſt:
Hail beſt Belov'd of all my Sons, Receive
What Praiſe, what Joy theſe Gloomy Realms can give;
For 'tis to thy Succeſsful Arts I owe
My Reign Above, my Triumph here below.
This ſaid, th' Unbodied Shade obſequious kneel'd,
Struck with Amazement, and with Rapture fill'd.
O Mighty Queen! permit me to Adore
Thy Awful Shrine, thy all Inferming Pow'r,
Whoſe nearer Influence my Breaſt Inſpires
With Glorious Rage, and Miſchievous Deſires.
'Twas in Thy Cauſe I ſunk a mouldring Frame,
Unequal to the Hardy Task of Fame:
But ſtill my Mind releas'd from Mortal pains,
Her innate Faculty of Ill retains.
More he had ſaid, but the ſurrounding Throng,
Impatient of delay, purſu'd their Noiſy Song.

Mean time the Fiend revolving in her Thought
The mighty Change *Cethego*'s Death had wrought,

Reſolv'd at length to Summon to her Aid
Each plotting Devil, each Seditious Shade.
She gave the Signal, and a Dreadful Sound
Ran Bellowing thro' all th' Abyſs profound.

Then thus ſhe eas'd her anxious Soul.———
O deareſt Friends! O faithful Miniſters!
Ye mutual Partners of my Joys and Cares,
New Ways, new Means my reſtleſs Thoughts imploy,
How *Albion* to reduce, her Peace deſtroy.
Long have I labour'd, but alas! in vain,
For now Succeeds the Heav'nly *Anna*'s Reign;
Who watchful Guards a Stubborn People's Good,
By Fears not ſtagger'd, nor by Force ſubdu'd.
Such are the Gifts of her Capacious Mind,
Where Juſtice, Mercy, Piety are joyn'd.
As Motion, Light and Heat, combin'd in one,
Make up the Glorious Eſſence of the Sun.
But ſtill ſhe Mortal is, nor will I ceaſe,
Till my Revenge be Crown'd with wiſh'd Succeſs.
Firſt then, ſuppoſe we ſhou'd deveſt the Throne
Of Friends, whoſe Souls are Kindred to her own.

Celſus Diſgrac'd, *Hortenſio* next appears,
Whoſe Vigilance ſtill Baffles all my Cares;
To whom by Right of Anceſtry belong
A Loyal Heart, and a perſwaſive Tongue.
Now Plots are form'd, and publick Tempeſts rowl,
He boaſts a ſtrange unſhaken Strength of Soul.
Fearleſs againſt her Foes the Church ſuſtains,
Alike their Friendſhip and their Hate diſdains,
Diſdains their Clamour and Seditious Noiſe,
Secure in the Applauding Senate's Voice.
Of Noble Stem, in whoſe *Collat'ral* Lines
Virtue with equal Force and Luſtre ſhines.
When *Suada* pleads, Succeſs attends the Cauſe,
Suada the Glory of the *Britiſh* Laws.
Not the Fam'd Orators of Old were heard
With more attentive Awe, more deep Regard,
When Thronging round them, their Charm'd Audience hung
On the attracting Muſick of their Tongue.
Nor Hell to *Lalio* can her Praiſe refuſe,
Whoſe Worth deſerves his own recording Muſe,
Who in *Sophia*'s Court, with juſt Applauſe,
Maintain'd his Sov'reign's Rights, his Country's Cauſe.

For

For 'tis in him, with Anguish that I find
All the Endowments of a Gen'rous Mind,
Whate're is Great and Brave, whate're Refin'd.
For 'tis in him Fame doubly does Commend
An Active Patriot, and a Faithful Friend.
Then from his near Attendance be remov'd
Urbano, tho' by All Admir'd and Lov'd;
Tho' his ſweet Temper and obliging Port,
Become his Office, and Adorn the Court
He ſeems by Nature form'd Mankind to pleaſe,
So Free, ſo Unconſtrain'd in his Addreſs,
Improv'd by ev'ry Vertue, ev'ry Grace.
Senato too, who Bravely does deride
Sempronia's little Arts, and Female Pride;
Whoſe Lofty Look, and whoſe Majeſtick Mein
Confeſs the tow'ring Godlike Soul within.
A Speaker of unparallel'd Renown,
Long in the Senate, long in Council known.
Ally'd to *Celſus* by the Nobleſt Claim,
By the ſame Principles, by Worth the ſame.
Old as he is, ſtill Firm his Heart remains,
And dauntleſs his declining Frame ſuſtains.

So

So, pois'd on its own Base, the *Center* bears
The Nodding Fabrick of the Universe.

Be these, and such as these, discharg'd from Court,
The *Better Genii* that the Crown support.
Then in their stead, let *Mod'rate* Statesmen reign,
Practice their new pretended Golden Mean.
A Notion undefin'd in Vertues Schools,
Unrecommended by her sacred Rules.
A Modern Coward Principle design'd
To stifle Justice, and unnerve the Mind.
A Trick by Knaves contriv'd, impos'd on Fools,
But Scorn'd by Patriot and Exalted Souls,
For *Mod'rate* Statesmen, like *Camelions* wear
A diff'rent Form in ev'ry diff'rent Air.
They stick at nothing to Secure their Ends,
Caress their Enemies, betray their Friends.
Their Medley Temper, their Amphibious Mind
Is fraught with Principles of ev'ry kind,
Nor ever can from Stain and Error free,
Assert its Native Truth, and Energy?

As the four Elements ſo blended were
In their firſt Chaos, ſo united there,
That ſince they ne're could fully be diſjoyn'd,
Each retains ſomething of each other's Kind.
Nor this is wholly Air, nor that pure Flame,
But ſtill in both ſome Atoms are the ſame.

Let *Jano*, ſecond of this Trimming Band,
Next to *Volpone* deck'd with Honours ſtand.
Like him for ſecret Policy Renown'd,
Like him with all the Gifts of Cunning crown'd.
None better can the Jarring Senate guide,
Or lure the *Flying Camp* to either ſide.
Of an Invet'rate old Fanatick Race,
Of Canting Parents, ſprung this Child of Grace.
In Show a *Tory*, but a *Whig* in Heart,
For Saints may ſafely act the Sinner's part.
Once he was ours, and will be ours again,
For Art to ſtifle Nature ſtrives in vain,
For ev'ry thing, when from its *Center* born,
Still thither tends, ſtill thither will return.

Let him with these Accomplishments supply
Hortensio's steddy Faith, and Loyalty.
Brachus, for he has Wealth to buy a Place,
Shall wear *Urbano's* Key, his Post disgrace.
A worthy Son, in whom collected shine
The Follies of his Mad and Idiot Line.
Lord of the woful Countenance, whose Skin
Seems scar'd without, and putrify'd within.
A Dapper Animal, whose Pigmy Size
Provokes the Ladies Scorn, and mocks their Eyes.
But Balls and Musick are his greatest Care,
So willing is the Wretch to please the Fair.
'Tis strange, that Men, what Nature has denyd,
Should make their only Aim, their only Pride.
Let *Britons*, who from the Parent Moon
Derives his *Welsh* Descent directly down,
Succeed *Senato* in his High Command,
And bear the Staff of Honour in his Hand.
A flutt'ring empty Fop, that every Night,
Sits Laughing loud, and Jesting in the Pit,
Whilst a surrounding Croud of Coxcombs Bow
His sprightly Converse, and his Wit applauds.

An Atlas proper to sustain the Weight
Of an Incumber'd and declining State.
Let these, as Useful Tools, awhile possess
The Court Preferments, and indulge their Ease.
But they shall fly, like Mists, before the Sun,
When my Designs to full Perfection grown,
Exert their Pow'r, and make the ruin'd World my own.

When thus the Fury had her Scheme Display'd,
Assenting Hell a low Obeisance paid.

Moloch, Protector of the *Papal Chair*,
Author of Massacres and Christian War,
Was now Convinc'd that Sanguinary Laws
Could nere the *Reformation's* Growth oppose,
Could nere in *Albion's* Church advance his Cause.
He therefore, urg'd with his old confluent Hate,
By *Mod'rate* Means consents to work her Fate.
He finds how soon by *Toleration's* Aid,
Her Pow'r is weaken'd, and her Rights Betray'd.
Nor doubts *Occasional Conformity*
Will by degrees her Essence quite destroy.

Then

Then *Satan*, Prince of the *Fanatick* Train,
Who form'd the Conduct of their *Glorious* Reign,
Approv'd the Scheme, not hoping to Reſtore
His Subjects to their late unbounded Pow'r.
For well he knew, their Avarice and Pride
Had wean'd the Bankrupt Nation from their ſide.
But theſe Auſpicious *Moderation* Times,
By not Detecting, Sanctify their Crimes,
By Baffling Juſtice, and eluding Law,
Make Vice inſult, and Sin Triumphant grow.
Nay ſuch th' Effects of *Moderation* are,
The Guilty to Reward, as well as Spare.
Hence Foes to Prelacy are Clad in Lawn,
Hence Rebels are the Fav'rites of the Throne.
What could they more deſire, than thus to paſs
The bleſt Remainder of their happy Days,
Fatted with Plunder, and diſſolv'd in Eaſe?
Nor *Belial*, th' *Atheiſt's* Patron, could Complain,
For *Moderation* would enlarge his Reign,
Where all unpuniſh'd Talk and Live Profane.
Where Irreligion Providencce denies,
Nor dreads the Laws of Earth, nor Thunder of the Skies.

Mammon, the *Traders* and the *Courtier's* God,
No ſooner heard the Project but allow'd;
For hence his Vot'ries uncontroul'd might live,
And endleſs Frauds commit, and endleſs Bribes receive.
But moſt *Cethego* the Deſign approves,
Who Dead and Living in *Meander's* moves.
He knew how he deluded hapleſs *James*,
By the ſame wily Arts, and ſubtle Schemes.
Propoſes then, that he alone be ſent,
To execute the Fury's New Intent.

When he had ended, thus ſhe ſoon replies,
Bleſt be the Shade, that can ſo well adviſe,
On thee thy Goddeſs ſmiles, on thee relies.
Fly, nimbly to thy Native Soil repair,
Urge and Inforce the well-form'd Council there.
Occaſion favours, the *Cabal* is met
At thy own Manſion, thy belov'd Retreat,
The Muſes Darling Theam, the Graces Seat.
There *Clodio's* and *Sigillo's* anxious Thoughts,
Are brooding o're *Imaginary Plots*.

While

Whilſt *Bibliopolo* with his awkard Jeſts
Deſerves his Dinner, and diverts the Gueſts.
Batbillo, in his own unborrow'd Strains,
Young *Sacchariſſa*'s Angel Form profanes:
Whilſt her dull Huſband, ſenſleſs of her Charms,
Lies lumpiſh in her ſoft encircling Arms.
For he to Wiſdom makes a Grave Pretence,
But wants alas! his Father's Depth of Senſe.
Howere, ſupplying all Defects of Wit,
He ſhews a true Fanatick Zeal and Heat.

She ſpoke—— the Spectre in a moment gains
Altropia's Balmy Air, and Flowry Plains.
At his approach the Dome's Foundation ſhook,
When 'midſt their Revels ruſhing in he broke.
Involv'd in Wreaths of Smoak, awhile he ſtood,
Seeming at diſtance an unſhapen Cloud.
But ſoon, the Cloud aſcending to the Skies,
He manifeſt was ſeen before their Eyes.
Horror and Guilt ſhook ev'ry Conſcious Breaſt,
But *Bibliopolo* moſt his Fears expreſt,
Fainting he tumbled——Paſs we o're the reſt.

Clodio

Clodio alone fixt and unmov'd appear'd,
And what the Phantom ſaid undaunted heard.
Forbear, my Friends, your Hot purſuits reſtrain,
Behold your lov'd *Cethego* once again.
From *Faction*'s dark unbottom'd Cell I come,
Fraught with *Britannia*'s Fate, and final Doom.
For, Meditating Vengeance in her Mind,
At length a Finiſh'd Plan ſhe has deſign'd.
Nor doubts by *Mod'rate* Methods to obtain,
What ſhe by rougher Arts has ſought in vain,
That *Whigs* ſhould Triumph in a *Tory* Reign.

Thus he began, and then proceeds to tell
What *Faction* had before reveal'd in Hell.

Clodio was Raptus'd, and in Terms like theſe,
His Joy and Approbation did expreſs.
Since thy *Divided State* permits, be thou
As once a Friend, a Guardian Genius now.
Give us to execute this Grand Deſign,
Thine be the Conduct, and the Glory thine.
Attempts that often Baffle Humane Care,
By aiding Spirits from effected are;

Their

Their Knowledge in immediate *Intuition* lies,
Nor does, like ours, from long Deductions riſe.

Pleas'd with this Anſwer, the Retiring Ghoſt
Condens'd the ambient Air, and in a Cloud was loſt.

Here ceaſe thy Satyr, Muſe, and form thy Tongue
To louder Numbers and Heroick Song:
Here Celebrate, unbyaſs'd as thou art,
The Triumphs of *Sempronia*'s other Part;
Nor let her Stain the Hero's High Deſert.

Now the *Imperial Eagle* hung her Head,
Drooping ſhe Mourn'd her wonted *Thunder* fled.
Now was ſhe fitted for a foreign Yoke,
Her Sceptre nodded, her Dominion ſhook.
Such was the tott'ring State of Antient *Rome*,
When Conqu'ring *Hannibal* pronounc'd her Doom,
When yet the fatal *Capua* was unknown,
That blaſted all the Laurels *Cannæ* won.
Where ſhall ſhe Succour ſeek? Or whither fly?
Shall ſhe for ever in Confuſion lie?

Shall

Shall the firſt Kingdom of the *Chriſtian World*
Be un-reliev'd in endleſs Ruine hurl'd?
Not ſo? her Aid Auſpicious *Anna* brings,
Anna the Angel of unhappy Kings.
She ſends *Camillo* with an *Engliſh Force*,
To ſtem the Ravaging *Invader's* Courſe.
France and *Bavaria* now in vain Combine,
In vain their Fierce unnumber'd Legions joyn,
In vain the Thunderbolts of War oppoſe:
Eugenio and *Camillo* are their Foes.
Like *Caſar*, Both for Stratagems Renown'd,
Like *Alexander*, both with Martial Fury crown'd.

At length the Great Deciſive Day drew near,
On which alone depended all the War.
At length the Fight began, the Canon roar'd,
Nor knew *The Empire* yet her Sov'reign Lord.
But ſoon *Camillo* with reſiſtleſs Arms,
With doubled Rage, the Hoſtile Troops alarms.

The

The Troops, that thought no Valour match'd their own,
Till *Engliſh* Courage bore them headlong down.
Before his Conqu'ring Sword they vanquiſh'd fly,
Or in the Field, or in the *Danube* die.
The *Danube* reeking ran a Purple Flood,
Swell'd and diſtain'd with Deluges of Blood.
O were I Poet equal to my Theam!
The *Future World* ſhould wond'ring read this Stream;
Where many Thouſand Warriors more were ſlain,
Or than on *Xanthus* Banks, or the *Pharſalian* Plain:
Tho' theſe to all Exploits are far preferr'd,
One by the *Grecian*, one the *Roman* Bard.
Hence is the *Empire* to it ſelf reſtor'd,
Revolting Nations Recognize their Lord.
Lewis no more ſhall God like Titles Claim,
Nor *Europe* aw'd and Trembling dread his Name.
Hence a new Scene of Happineſs appears,
A long Succeſſive Train of Golden Years.
So ſav'd *Demetrius* the *Athenian State*,
Oppreſs'd by Foes, and ſunk with adverſe Fate.

No sooner was the Bloody Battle won,
But all his Fame with Adoration own,
But on the Mighty Victor they bestow'd,
The Sacred Stile and Honours of a God.
But tho' no Altars we profanely raise,
But tho' a less, we pay a juster Praise,
All but the Blind Idolatry intend,
Which ridicules the Glorious Worth it would commend.

When with his *Eastern* Spoils, returning home,
Augustus entered his applauding *Rome*,
Virgil and *Horace* waited on his Fame,
Glad to record the Muses Patron's Name;
And well could they in everliving Strains,
Describe his Triumphs, and Reward his Pains.
But Modern Heroes, tho' as truly Brave
As those of Old, not equal Poets have.
No *Virgils* now, nor *Horaces*, to raise
Trophies proportion'd to their Deathless praise.
An *Addison* perhaps, or *Tate* may write,
Volpone pays them for their *Venal* Wit.

But ſince my Muſe, warm'd with a *Gen'rous* Flame,
Unbrib'd would eternize *Camillo's* Name;
Let him accept ſuch Homage as ſhe brings,
Nor think that wholly uninſpir'd ſhe Sings.

But, Goddeſs, ſtill one Labour more remains,
Still *Nereo* claims thy Tributary Strains;
Tune thy Harmonious Voice to *Nereo's* Praiſe,
A Subject pregnant with immortal Lays.
'Tis he extends the Heav'nly *Anne's* Reign,
High as the Stars, unbounded as the main.
'Tis he, whoſe Valour the *Batavian* Wars
Inur'd to Glory from his greener Years.
'Tis He *Le Hogue's* oppoſing Ord'nance bore,
Nor fear'd the Lightnings blaſts, nor Thunders roar.
'Tis He, with *Scipio* Darling of our Iſle,
From vanquiſh'd *Vigo* forc'd the *Indian* Spoil.
'Tis He the *Streights Defence* ſo lately ſtorm'd,
A Town by Nature fortify'd and arm'd.

'Tis

'Tis He, unequall'd in Fame, [illegible]
A Fleet fecure of Conquest and of Prey,
A Fleet by vast Impetus for Fight prepar'd,
At once the [illegible] Terror and the Guard.
For what can *Britifh* Bravery withstand,
When *Nereo* or *Camillo* do Command?
It vindicates the Sea, and Triumphs o're the Land.
'Tis He Destruction's Baleful Breath [illegible]
But with a Noble and Heroick Scorn
For let his Foes this juft Mention have,
Envy's the Coward's Homage to the Brave.
[illegible]

FINIS.